THE \$1,000,000.00 MYSTERY

(By Harold McGrath) 11TH EPISODE

(PRINTED IN THE CLIMAX-MADISONIAN EVERY WEDNESDAY. SHOWN AT THE OPERA HOUSE THURSDAY NIGHT)

Today she was an onion ship; which mile of the Gilsen house. "Onions!" was about four thousand tons, and her | aloud. engines were sternward and not "Huh? Well, if ye don't like onious, amidship. She carried two masts and find a hooker that packs violets in visible sign of anything new on her of the man at Steve's elbow. was her bowsprit. This was new doubt- "Who's talkin' t' you?" grunted lest because she had poked her nose | Steve. "Wha' did I say?"

too far into her last slip. briskly, for they were on the point of cawffy."

"chaw" of Seaman's Delight. He was body's teeth, a real tobacco chewer, for he rarely spat. He was as peaceful as a backin fair weather and foul.

pleasant recollection. Chance led his cards. glance to trail down the cutwater. His "Not for me, Busted, How long d' neck stretched from his collar like a turtle's from its shell.

Caught on the fluke of the anchor at the ratty old pilot house. ever laid eyes on. There were leather he rammed his cutty into a pocket aboard. We'll have th' thing done

precludes any idea of adventure. She Quite unconsciously he spoke this word enemies, he saw an enemy even in his

c. half dozen hoist booms, and the only her hold," was the cheerful advice

slept like a log.

the Chinese coast from the Philip-

pines, and he judged it to be Chinese

in origin. He tried to pry open the

cover and feast his eyes upon the

treasure; but under the leather and

ivory and mother of pearl was imper-

vious steel. It would take an ax or

a crowbar to stir that lid. He sighed.

He replaced the boards, and became

to all appearances his stolid self

But all the way down to the Baha-

"I know whut's th' matter," said

"Didn't I tell yuh?" laughed the tan-

talizer, dancing toward the compan-

ionway. "Steve's in love, 'r he didn't

git drunk enough on shore t' satisfy

A boot thudded spitefully against

"You fellahs let me alone, 'r I'll bash

"O, yuh will, will yuh?" cried Dunk-

ers from the deck. "If yuh want a

little exercise, yuh can begin on me,

yuh moonsick swab! Whut's th' matter

with yuh, anyhow? Where'd yuh git

this grouch? Whut've we done t' yuh?

"You keep out o' my way, that's all.

I'm mindin' my watches, an' don't ask

no odds of you duffers. What if I have

th' upper bunk an' me t' mine."

mas he was moody, and when he an-

swered any questions it was with

words spoken testily and jerkily.

Dunkers. "He's in love."

"Shut your mouth!"

his whale's belly!"

in a couple o' heads!"

the door jamb.

"Onions, ye lubber! Don't we know Hc: crew was orderly and tractable. whut onions is? Ain't we smelt 'em There were shore drunks, to be sure, so long that ye could stick yer nose because they were sailors; but they in th' starboard light an' never smell were at work. They moved about no kerosene? Onlons! Pass th'

cailing for the Bahamas-perhaps for | Steve helped himself first, The man more onions. Presently the windlass | who spoke bunked over him, and they creaked and shrilled, and the blobby were not on the best of terms. There links, much in need of tar paint, red | was no real reason for this frank as fish gills, clattered down into the antagonism; simply, they did not splice bow. Sometimes they painted the any more effectually than cotton rope chain as it came over; but paint was and hemp splice. Sailors are moody costly, and this was done only when and superstitious; at least they generthe anchor threatened to stay on the ally are on hookers of the "Captain Manners" breed. Steve was supersti-There was a sailor among this crew, tious and Jim Dunkers was moody and and he went by the name of Steve | had no thumb on his left hand. Steve Blossom; and he was one of his kind. A hated the sight of that red nubbin. grimy dime novel protruded rakishly He was quite certain that it had been from his hip pocket, and his right a whole thumb once, on the way to cheek was swollen as with the tooth- gouge out somebody's eye, and had ache, due, probably, to a generous inadvertently connected with some-

Spanish doubloons and pearls and diamonds and rubies! It was mighty water bay in summer; non-argumenta- hard not to say these words out loud, tive and passive, he stood his watch | too; blare them into the sullen faces grouped around the table. He was off No one gave the anchor any more | watch till midnight; and he was wonattention after it came to rest. The dering if he could get the box without great city over the way was fairy-like attracting the attention of the lookout, in its haziness and softened lines. It who had a devilish keen eye for everywas the poetry of angles, of shafts thing that stirred on deck or on water. and spars of stone; and Steve Blos- Well, he would have to risk it; but he som, having a moment to himself, would wait till full darkness had fallen leaned against the rail and stared re- over the sea and the lookout would be gretfully. He had been generously compelled to keep his eyes off the drunk the night before, and it was a deck. The boys wanted him to play

y' thing \$40 'Il last in New York, anyhow?" And he stalked out of the fore-"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" he castle and went down into the waist murmured, shifting his cud from star- to enjoy his evening pipe, all the while keeping a weather eye forward,

was the strangest looking box he had It was ten o'clock, land time, when

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poses. It was a hazardous job to get

the box off the fluke without letting

back on the rall and sat down, wait-

curely wrapped about his precious

find he made for the forecastle. His

mates, save those who were doing

their watch, were all in their bunks.

An oil lamp dimly illuminated the for-

ward partition. Steve's bunk was al-

most in darkness. Very deftly he rolled

back the bedding and secreted the

box under his pillows, and then

stretched himself out with the pre-

tense of snoozing till the bell called

He was rich; and the moment a

man has money he has troubles;

there is always some one who wants

to take it away from you. His bunk

plenty of hiding space between the

planks, and then when the time came,

would be empty, and then would be

The Master Villain and His Adviser.

ivory and mother of pearl, and it hung | any one watched him they would think

jauntily on the point of the rusty fluke. he was only looking down the cut-

Anybody would be hornswoggled to water. The thought of money and

glimpse such a droll jest of fate. On the pleasures it will buy makes cun-

the fluke of the old mudhook, by a ning the stupidest of dolts; and Steve

hair, you might say. In all the wild was ordinarily a dolt. But tonight his

sea yarns he had ever read or heard brain was keen enough for all pur-

And Steve was destined never to be | it slip back into the sea. Steve, how-

passive again. His first impulse was | ever, accomplished the feat, climbed

pulse was to say nothing at all, and ing. A quarter of an hour passed. No

wait for an opportunity to get the box one had seen him. With his coat se-

him to duty.

there was nothing to match this.

to call his companions; his second im-

to his bunk without being detected.

Treasure! Diamonds and rubies and

pearls and old Spanish gold; all hang-

"Hornswoggled!" in a kind of awe-

some whisper this time. "An' we

aheadin' for th' Bahamas!" For under

his feet he could hear the rhythm of

engines. "What'll I do? If I leave it,

some one else'll see it." He scratched

his chin perplexedly; and the cud went

He took off his coat and carefully

dropped it down over the mysterious

box. It was growing darker and dark-

er all the time, and shortly neither

coat nor anchor would be visible with-

out close scrutiny. Treasure: greed,

cupidity, crime. Steve saw only the

What did they call them?-doubloons

He ate his supper with his mess-

mates, and he ate heartly as usual.

vital than mere treasure to disturb

It would have taken something more his time.

and pieces-of-eight?

ing to the fluke of the anchor.

back to starboard. "I got it!"

may th' best man win." "I'm willin'," said Jim. "So'm I," agreed Steve. But his intentions were not honorable. He proposed to desert before any fight took place Not that he was physically afraid; no; he wanted to dig his hands deep into those doubloons and

pieces-of-eight. So the four days down passed otherwise uneventfully, amid paint pots and iron rust and three meals a day of pork, onion soup, potatoes, and strong, bitter coffee. The winds became light and balmy and the sea blue and gentle. The men went about in their undershirts and dungarees, barefooted. Of course the coming fight was the main topic of conversation. It promised to be a rattling good scrap, for both men were evenly matched, and both had a "kick" in either hand. Even the captain took a mild interest in the affair. He was an old sailor. He knew that there was no such word as arbitration in a sailor's vocabulary; his disputes could be settled only in one manner, by his calloused fists.

When the old mudhook (and some day Steve was going to buy it and hang it over the entrance of the Gilson house) slithered down into the smiling waters of the bay, Steve concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. He would steal ashore on the quarantine tug which lay alongside. He was willing to fight under ordinary circumstances, but he must get his treasure in safety first. They could call him a welcher if they wanted to; devil a bit did he care. So he pried back the boards of his bunk wall, took out the box, eyed it fondly, and noted for the first time the lettering on it:

STANLEY HARGREAVE. He wrinkled his brow in the effort to recall a pirate by this name, but was unsuccessful. No matter. He hugged the box under his coat and made for the gangway, and inadvertently ran into his enemy.

peeping from under the coat. "What 'a' yuh got there?" he demanded truculently.

Dunkers caught a bit of the box

"None o' your damn business! You lemme by; hear me?" "Ain't none o' my business, huh? Where'd yuh git a box like that? Steal

it? By cripes, I'm goin' t' have a look at that box, my hearty. It don't smell like honest onions." "You lemme by!" breathed Steve,

with murder in his heart. Suddenly the two men closed, surged back and forth, one determined to take and the other to hold this mysterious box. Dunkers struggled to uphold his word: not that he really wanted the box but to prove that he was strong enough to take it if he wanted to. The name on the box was on the port side, and there was flashed and disappeared. It was a kind of shock to him. He and Blossom went iron plates and the wooden partition. battering against the rail. Dunkers' treasure and not its camp followers. He intented to loosen three or four grip slipped and so did Blossom's. The result was that the box was catapulted slip the box behind them. Some time into the sea. With an agonizing cry, during the morning the forecastle Blossom leaned far over. He saw the box oscillate for a moment, then sink gracefully in a zigzag course, down But he suffered the agonies of dam- through the blue waters. Fainter and

Steve Blossom's appetite. He was nation during the four hours' watch. fainter it grew, and at last vanished. one of those enviable individuals whose Supposing some fool should go rum- "I'm sorry, Steve; but yuh wouldn't imagination and gastric juices work maging about his bunk and discover let me look at it," said Dunkers, conat the same time. And while he ate the box? Suppose . . . But he dared tritely.

would buy that home at Bedford; then he would take over the Gilson house and live like a lord. If he wanted a drink, all he would have to do would be to turn the spigot or tip a bottle; and more than that, he'd have a bartender to do it. Onlors! He swore tender to do it. Onions! He swore man aboard, he became the most cun- fair play have no part. But for the he would not have an onion within a ning. From being a man without timely arrival of the captain and some

of the crew Dunkers would have been badly injured, perhaps fatally. They hauled back Blossom, roaring out his oaths at the top of his lungs. It took half an hour's arguing to calm him proposition." down. Then the captain demanded to know what it was all about. And blubbering, Steve told him. "Six hundred feet of water, if I've

got my reckoning right. The anchor lies in 60 feet, but the starboard side | ly. drops sheer 600. You swab! Why didn't you bring the box to me? A man has a right to what he finds. I'd have taken care of it for you till we got back to port. I know; you were greedy; you thought I might want to stick my fist into your treasure. And At four o'clock he turned in and you'll never find it in 600 feet of water and tangled, porous coral. That's what In the morning he found his opportunity. For half an hour the forecastle eyou get for being a blamed hog. As for you," and the captain turned to was empty of all save himself. Fever-Dunkers, "get your dunnage and your ishly he pried back the boards, found pay and hunt for another boat back. Hargreave (wherever he was) and the the brace beam, and gently laid the I won't have no murder on board 'Capbox there. It was a mighty curious looking box. Once he had stoked up



And That Is Why Jones Was Able, Some Weeks Later, to Hide Once More the Original Box.

tain Manners.' And the sooner you go. the better."

"I'll go, sir," said Dunkers, readily enough. Had the misfortune happened to him and had Blossom been the aggressor, he would want his life. He understood. Like the valet in "Olivette," it was the time for disappearing.

"An' keep out o' my way. I'll git y' yet," growled Blossom. "Keep your mouth shut," said the mate, "or I'll have you put in irons,

"All right sir. I've said all I'm goin' t' say t'day;" and Blossom strode off. "What was the box like?" asked the captain of Dunkers.

a grouch? Is it any o' your business? All right. When we step ashore at "Chinese contraption, sir; leastwise Bahams, Mister Jim Dunkers, it looked that way to me. Didn't look as if it'd been in th' water long, sir. I'll tear the ropes out o' your pulley blocks. But till we git there, you t' Somethin' lost overboard by some private yacht, t' my thinkin'. I'll keep "Leave th' ol' grouch alone, Jim. out o' Steve's way. I'll lay low on Th' mate won't stand for no scrappin' shore, sir."

And though Steve made a perfect and steel bands and diamond-shaped and resolutely walked forward. If right in th' custom sheds. We'll have range of the spot, he never came back a finish fight, Queensberry rules, an' to find the mysterious box, never saw the Gilson house back home, nor did he ever see Dunkers again. On the voyage home he brooded continually, and was frequently found blubbering: and one night he skipped his watch and went to Davy_Jones' locker.

Dunkers had not told about the name he had seen on the box; and Blossom had not thought to. The name Hargreave had instantly brought back to Dunkers' mind the newspaper stories he had recently read. There was no doubt in the world that this box belonged to the missing millionaire, who had drawn a million from his banks and vanished; and, moreover, there was no doubt in Dunkers' mind that this million lay in the Bahaman waters. It had been drawn up from the bottom of the sound, under the path of the balloon. He proceeded, then, to take a most minute range. It would require money and partners: but half a loaf would be far better than no loaf at all; and he was determined to return to New York to find | Polo grounds." backing. Finding is keeping, on land

Now it happened that his favorite Black Hundred: and Vroon occasiona valuable bit of maritime news. ler, but you've always laughed." Dunkers was an old friend of the barguzzle down his throat a very poor ging, "is coming tonight. Evidently where there was a million, and all he the mark, and they are going to stir ing cheap whisky; he'd be steering a hoax to befuddle us. Either that or it He was no miser. But he had to have When I leave this room tonight I am a diving bell; and where the blue devil going over to Riverdale and stalk all could he get one with \$12 and an by myself. I'm going to get a glimpse Ingersoll watch in his pocket?

which the bartender understood. Then hit him that night." he rose and approached Dunkers.

"I own a pretty good diving appar- chamber became silent. atus," he said. "If you've got the goods, I'll take a chance on a fifty- of Vroon. "He will present his crefifty basis." Vroon did not believe dentials." there was anything back of his talk; but it always paid to dig deep enough to find out. "Have a drink; and, Bill, off was given his chair. He spoke for give us a real whisky and none of a while, rather pompously. your soap-lye. Now, let's hear your

with drunken caution. "How is it, Bill?" turning to the bartender. "He's the goods, Jim. You've heard

of Wyant & Co.?" 'Sure I've heard o' them. Best divin' app'ratus they is.' "Well, this gent here is Mr. Brooks,

general manager for Wyant & Co. I can O. K. him." Vroon threw an appreciative glance at the bartender. He was not affiliated with the Black Hundred, but he had often aided Vroon in minor affairs.

"All right, if yuh say so, Bill. Well, here's th' yarn." And when he had done, Vroon smoked quietly without speaking.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutions all remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed Journal, says: "I have been a sufferer feeling, but toned my whole system."

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Don't yuh believe it?" demanded Dunkers, truculently.

"But 600 feet of water, in a coral bottom, and no way of telling just where it fell overboard. That's a tough

"O, it is, is it? I'm a sailor. I can lay my hand right over th' spot. Do yuh think I'd be fool enough t' hunt for it without a perfect range?" Dunkers tapped his coat pocket suggestive-

And Vroon knew that the one thing he wanted was there, a plan or a drawing of the range. So there was another man shanghaled that night, and his destination was Cape Town, 22 days' and poor for nearly eighteen years, and voyage by the calendar. Vroon carried his information to the

greave's daughter was to be immune arm. I supplied Vinol to her liberally from attacks. Resides it would give and in a month when she returned to from attacks. Besides, it would give others the idea that the Black Hun-

without permitting the plaster to fall, knelt a man with a bandaged arm. He could never see any faces; no one ever took off a mask in this sinister chamber. But there were voices, and and iron tonic to build up health and he was going to forget some of them. strength for all weakened and nervous After the meeting came to an end, he waited an hour after, and then stole down into the street by the aid of the fire escape. Later, he entered a telephone booth and called up Jones.

Then, one leathern and steel box, dotted with bits of ivory and motherof-pearl, became two; and the second one was soaked in mud and salt water for two weeks till you could not have told it from the original. And that is why Jones was able, some weeks later, to hide once more the original box. As for the substitute, just as Braine was about to use a mallet and chisel upon it, the lights went out. There was a wild scramble, a chair or two was overturned.

"The door, the door!" shouted

Braine, furious. It slammed the moment the words left his lips. And as suddenly as they had gone out the lights sprang up. The box was gone. There were evidently traitors among the Black Hun-

CHAPTER XIII.

An Agent From Russia. The Black Hundred, not as individuals but as an organization, began to worry. Powerful, and often reckless

and daring because it was powerful, it began to look about for some basic cause for all these failures against Hargreave's daughter and Hargreave's ghost. They had tried to put the inquisitive reporter out of the way; they had laid every trap they could think of to catch the mysterious visitor at the Hargreave home; they had thrown out a hundred lures to bring Hargreave out of his lair, and failed; and they had lost a dozen valuable men and several thousand dollars. This

must end somewhere, and quickly. The one ray of hope for the conspirators lay in the fact that Florence had never seen her father and knew not in the least what he looked like. They determined to try again in this

"Give it all up," said the countess to Braine. "I tell you, whatever is are. He knows the organization, and for all we know he may be a ghost."

"I never go back," smiled Braine. 'There's something more than the million. There's the sport of the thing. We've been bested in a dozen bouts, and nearly always by a fluke. They have the breaks, as they say out at the You will remember the old adage;

"But the time and expense when we might be getting results elsewhere! I tell you, Leo, I'm afraid. It's like grog shop was a cheap saloon across always hearing some one behind you the way from the headquarters of the and never finding anybody when you turn. I have told you my doubts. I ally dropped in, for he often picked up have also asked you to trap that but- ing of some one?"

"You are seeing ghosts, Olga. A keeper, and he proceeded to pour and new man from holy Russia," shrugsubstitute for whisky. He became the head over there thinks our contricommunicative. He bragged. He knew butions of late have not been up to needed was a first-class diving bell. A us up. I am willing to wager my soul, their dues. Yes, yes; proceed, proyear from now he would not be drink- however, that that box is simply a course up and down Broadway and holds the key. But the rest of them buying wine when he was thirsty. insist that the box must be recovered. of that mysterious stranger. He car-From his table Vroon made a sign ries a scar of mine somewhere, for I

The door opened and the executive "Count Paroff." boomed the voice

scribed by the rules; and Count Par-

"The head organization is not satisfied with its offspring in this Har-"I don't know yuh," said Dunkers, greave affair," he said in conclusion. You are slow."

"Then you have come with some suggestions for the betterment of our ach and frequent headaches. She writes, business?" asked Braine ironically. "Sir, this is not the hour for flippancy," said the agent coldly.

Braine made a sign with his hand, a sign not observed by every one. sale by all dealers. - Adv. Instantly Paroff bent lowly. He recognized that the speaker was the ac-American branch.

"What are your suggestions?" inquired the nominal head from his chair, anxious to avoid a clash between the newcomer and the trucuent master of them all.

A Strong Endorsement.

from Piles and Hemmorhoids for years. For saie by all dealers. -Adv. 1m. I got no relief antil my druggist recommeuded Meritol Pile Remedy. Before I had taken half the package the distress Exclusive Agents,-Adv.

Tells How Vinol Restores neath subscribed on or before Nov. 15, Strength and Vitality to the Weak, Worn-Out Ones in Her Charge.

Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N.Y.

"I have been at work among the sick whenever I have used Vinol for run- Men act differently under different clrdown, weak or emaciated patients, they have been visibly benefited by it. One organization that same night. They would start the expedition at once, and till this was accomplished, Harfor aid, and was leaning on a friend's Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is thank me I hardly recognized her. She was strong, her color charming and her cheeks rounded out. These words are cheeks rounded out. These words are dred had concluded to give up the chase.

Above, with his ear to a small hole, skillfully bored through the ceiling Mother M ALPHONSA LATHROP O. S. D. Mother M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O.S.D.,

Hawthorne, N.Y. Such disinterested and reliable testimony should convince everyone of the merits of Vinol, our delicious cod liver conditions, whether caused from overwork, worry or chronic coughs and colds. If Vinol fails to benefit we return your

B. L. MIDDELTON, Richmond, Ky.

"I have been informed that Hargreave's daughter has never seen her father, not even a photograph of him." said Paroff, more amiably.

"We are absolutely certain that this is the case," said the nominal head, who was known as the president. "But we tried one play in that direction, and it failed miserably." "I have the story," replied Paroff. "It was clumsily done. The ruse was an old one."

Braine was frank enough to admit the truth of this statement, however much he disliked the admission. He "I have authority to take a hand in

this affair. We cannot waste all summer. Those government plans of the fortifications of the Panama are wait- gladly recommend to users of ink ing. There's your millions. But the fact remains that it is the law of the Black Hundred never to step down till absolutely defeated. The hidden million is but half; we must find and break this renegade Hargreave." "If he lives," said Braine.

"Who can say one way or the other?" brusquely asked Paroff. "The fact that all your plans and schemes have come to naught should prove to There is but one way to bring out the truth."

"And that is to make a captive of his daughter," supplemented Braine. 'And we have worked toward that end ceaselessly. We are quite ready to listen to your suggestions, count." "And so am I," thought the man with his ear to the little hole in the

ceiling above. "And some day, my energetic friend. I'm going to pay you back for that bullet.' Count Paroff cleared his voice and

laid his plans before his audience. "To act frankly and in the open, to go boldly to the Hargreave home back of all this is stronger than we and proclaim myself Hargreave. I can disguise myself in a manner that will at least temporarily fool the but-

"Who has been with his master for fourteen years, knows every move, habit, gesture, inflection," interposed Braine. "But proceed, count, proceed. too many cooks."

"Ah," flashed back the count, "but new cook?" Olga touched Braine's arm warn-

ingly. "You mean, then, that there has been talk in St. Petersburg of dispos-

"A good deal of talk, sir," haughtily, forgetting that he had bent humbly enough but a few moments gone.

"Very well; go on." Thought the man at the peephole above: "There's another adage. When thieves fall out, then honest men get

Paroff went on, "I shall, then, go frankly to the Hargreave house and claim my own. Meantime I leave to you the business of luring the butler away. Half an hour is all I need to bring that child here, to break the wall that stands between us and what we seek." "Is that so?" murmured Braines

"Olga, I want you to play a trick on this handsome delegate-at-large. I'm not very enthusiastic over his talk. I want him humiliated. All you have to do, he says, is to walk into the This formality was executed as pre- Hargreave house and walk out again. TO BE CONTINUED

Why Not Publish It?

When you want a fact to become generally known, the right way is to publish it. Mrs. Joseph Kallans, Peru, Ind., was troubled with belching, sour stom- J. C. TODD & SON "I feel it my duty to tell others what Chamberlain's Tablets have done for and regulated my bowels. Since using them I have been entirely well." For sale by all dealers.—Adv

During the meeting of the State W C. tual, not the nominal, head of the T. U. at Winchester last Sunday \$700 was raised for the financing of a Statewide campaign for prohibition.

Toned Up Whole System. "Chamberlain's Tablets have done nore for me than I ever dared hope for." writes Mrs. Esther Mae Baker, Spencer-port, N. Y. "I used several bottles of these tablets a few months ago. They W. H. Holmes, of the Decorah, Iowa, but sick headaches and that tired out but sick headaches and that tired out Fresh Meats, Corn and Dried Beef

Bull Moose Battle Song.

Teddy having discovered a new river was gone and I have had no trouble while on his trip to South America, insince I would not take a thousand dol- stead of "Onward Christian Soldier," lars and be back in my former condi- the Bull Moosers may adopt "Shall we tion." Price \$1 00. Wines' Drug Store, Gather at the River" as a battle song .-Im. Busick, of Orleans, Ind.

Administratior's Notice.

All persons knowing themselves inlebted to the estate of Dr. J. C. Morgan, deceased, will please come and settle. Those having claims against said estate will please present them verified, as required by law, to either of the under-1914, or same will be barred.

> ROBT. R. BURNAM. T. K. HAMILTON.

What Would You Do?

There are many times when one man questions another's actions and motives. cumstances. The question is, what would you do now if you had a severe highly recommended by people who have used it for years and know its worth its weight in gold and I take plessure in recommending it." For sale by all dealers. - Adv.

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